THEY'RE ONLY **HUMAN.** THEY DO THEIR **BEST** NOT TO THINK OF **HIM**-- AND WHAT HE USED TO **BE.**

TO **FOGGY NELSON,** HE WAS **PARTNER** AND BEST **FRIEND.** TO **GLORIANNA O'BREEN,** HE WAS THE MAN SHE **LOVED.**

THEY DO THEIR **BEST...**

YE BE **CAREFUL** NOW, FOGGY...

ZZZTT

YOW!

FOGGY!

FOGGY--ARE YE ALL **RIGHT?**

NO **PROBLEM,** GLORI. LANDED ON SOME OF MY BEST **PADDING.**

RINGG

BETTER GET THE **PHONE...**

HELLO--

GLORI -- WHAT...

FOGGY--IT WAS **MATT--**

--AN HE DINNA MAKE ANY **SENSE--**

PLACE SMELLS LIKE RAT HAIR. I'D MUCH RATHER STAY WITH A FRIEND.

SHOW ME ONE AND I'LL STAY WITH HIM.

SHOW ME ONE SINGLE PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO HASN'T BETRAYED ME...

JUST A FEW DAYS AGO I WAS A PILLAR OF MY COMMUNITY--A RESPECTED FIGURE IN MY PROFESSION.

NOT TO MENTION MY SIDELINE OF BEING A SUPERHERO.

NOW I'M JUST A BLIND MAN...

...A BLIND MAN WHO'S LOST HIS JOB, HIS LIVELIHOOD HIS HOME. HIS GIRL...

...WHO FATE GAVE THE ABILITY TO HEAR AND SMELL AND TOUCH BETTER THAN ANYBODY IN THE WORLD CAN--

--WHICH IS A GREAT WAY TO CATCH ALL THE MISERY OF BEING ALIVE.

JUST A FEW DAYS AGO...

...NO, I SHOULD HAVE SEEN ALL THIS COMING. STARTED MONTHS AGO, THINGS GOING WRONG FOR ME.

JUST LITTLE THINGS, AT FIRST. THE KIND YOU TRY NOT TO NOTICE. THE KIND THAT ADD UP UNTIL YOU WANT TO...

FOR THE LONGEST TIME I CHALKED IT UP TO UNPLEASANT CIRCUMSTANCE. I'M THAT KIND OF GUY.

TOOK A LOT TO CONVINCE ME WHAT WAS REALLY GOING ON.

FACT IS, THE FIRST TIME I HAD THE THOUGHT IT SOUNDED--WELL, IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

BUT THE EVIDENCE KEPT PILING UP. THE PHONE COMPANY. THE POWER COMPANY. INTERNAL REVENUE. THE GRAND JURY. MY BEST FRIEND. MY LOVER. THE LIST GOES ON.

ALL OF THEM. WORKING TOGETHER.

ALL OF THEM OUT TO GET ME.

HE IS THE LORD OF CRIME.

HE HAS GATHERED THE WARRING GANGS OF THE CITY, ORGANIZED THEM INTO AN ARMY--NO, A BUSINESS, SO EFFICIENT AND SO PROFITABLE THAT THE CITY'S ECONOMY DEPENDS ON THE THIEVES, EXTORTIONISTS, AND MURDERERS AT HIS COMMAND.

HE IS THE KINGPIN--AND MATTHEW MURDOCK HAS BECOME THE LIGHT OF HIS DAYS.

AS DAREDEVIL, MURDOCK HAS COST HIM LITTLE, BUT HOUNDED HIM, ANNOYED HIM, AS A FLY WOULD.

NOW, WITH ALL THE JOY OF A MALICIOUS CHILD, THE KINGPIN TORTURES THE FLY.

IT BEGAN WITH THE REVELATION OF DAREDEVIL'S WEAK SIDE--HIS SECRET IDENTITY. WITH A FEW BRIEF PHONE CALLS, THE KINGPIN SHATTERED MURDOCK'S LIFE, BEYOND ALL HOPE OF RECONSTRUCTION.

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF IT--WERE IT NOT FOR THE SWEET DISCOVERY...

...THAT MATTHEW MURDOCK IS A MAN ON THE EDGE--THAT EVEN BEFORE HIS RUIN, HE WAS NEARLY MAD.

WERE MURDOCK TIED TO A RACK, SLOWLY TORN LIMB FROM LIMB, BEGGING FOR MERCY, THE SPECTACLE COULD BE NO MORE PLEASURABLE TO BEHOLD.

THE KINGPIN LOOKS AT HIS CITY AND THINKS OF HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO BE ALIVE.

TWO BLOCKS AWAY SOME IDIOT IS PLAYING A RADIO.

THE BIG KIND.

IT'S STUCK BETWEEN STATIONS BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP THE IDIOT FROM PLAYING IT LOUD.

IT'S SPITTING OUT HALF-WORDS THAT MAKE NO SENSE AND STATIC THAT MAKES ANYONE IN EARSHOT FEEL LIKE A RICE KRISPY.

AND I'M ALWAYS IN EARSHOT.

ALWAYS.

THAT CAR ALARM WON'T EASE UP, EITHER.

DOESN'T CARE HOW TIRED I AM.

MIGHT AS WELL GET UP. WALK OUT THE DOOR. GET SOMETHING TO EAT.

WALK OUT THE DOOR.

GOT TWO DOLLARS LEFT.

THAT'S ENOUGH TO BUY ME SOME BREAKFAST.

GET SOME FOOD IN ME AND I'LL BE FINE.

THEN I'LL HIT THE GYM.

NO. NO GYM.

THE KINGPIN BLEW IT UP.

MAYBE I'LL HIT THE KINGPIN.

HE'D MAKE A GOOD PUNCH-ING BAG.

HE'S FAT ENOUGH.

WALK OUT THE DOOR.

I WALK **OUT** AND A KIND **STRANGER** GIVES ME A RIDE **UPTOWN** TO THE KINGPIN'S **HEADQUARTERS** AND I PUNCH THE KINGPIN **OUT** AND HE BEGS FOR **MERCY** AND GIVES ME MY **LIFE** BACK AND SURRENDERS TO THE **POLICE** AND EVERYBODY KNOWS IT IS **ME** WHO BEAT HIM AND THERE'S A **PARADE.**

MUST'VE **DOZED.**

WAS **GOING** TO LEAVE.

TURNED THE **DOORKNOB.**

I'M NOT CALLING **GLORI** AGAIN.

SHE DOESN'T **DESERVE** ME.

IT'S THE **OPERATOR** I'M CALLING.

TO FIND OUT WHAT **TIME** IT IS.

RINGGG

...NO, MATT... PLEASE... DON'T *SAY* SUCH THINGS...

LET ME SPEAK TO HIM, GLORI.

MATT, THIS IS *FOGGY*--

HE HUNG UP... WHAT THE DEVIL IS **WRONG** WITH HIM...?

OH, FOGGY-- I'M SO--

RINGGG

I'M ON TO YOU, NELSON.

THEN IT HAPPENS.

FOOTSTEPS. IN THE HALLWAY.

COMING THIS WAY.

COMING CLOSER.

CLOSER. BREATHING THROUGH HIS MOUTH LIKE FAT PEOPLE DO.

WHEEZING. GRUNTING. STOPPING.

STOPPING. RIGHT OUTSIDE MY DOOR.

RIGHT OUT-SIDE MY DOOR.

NOK NOK

MUTTERED CURSE.

KEYS JANGLING.

LOCK TURNING.

CHECKOUT WAS AT NOON, BUM.

SO GIVE WITH EIGHT BUCKS OR YOU'RE OUT ON YOUR--

HKKKKK

HE'S GOOD.

SOUNDS AND SMELLS JUST LIKE THE KIND OF PHLEGMY, CIGAR-SMOKING PIG WHO'D RUN A DIVE LIKE THIS.

DRIBBLES SPIT ON MY HAND AND GOES LIMP.

IT'S A GOOD FAINT.

I LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT.

NO POINT IN QUESTIONING HIM.

I KNOW WHO SENT HIM.

AND I'M COMING FOR YOU, KINGPIN.

IT IS INDEED BEHAVIOR OF THE LEAST NORMAL SORT THAT I OBSERVE WHILE PERUSING MATT MURDOCK AS PER YOUR ADVISEMENT, KINGPIN.

HE DROPS THE HOTEL MANAGER TO THE FLOOR AS ONE WOULD DROP A BAG OF FISH WHICH ONE DOES NOT WANT. WHEREUPON HE EXITS SAID HOTEL...

...TO WALK TO THE *FOURTEENTH STREET ENTRANCE* OF THE UPTOWN "D" TRAIN LIKE A MAN *REPOSSESSED.*

I *MYSELF* GAIN ADMITTMENT TO THE VERY SAME *SUBWAY CAR* AS MURDOCK--THERE TO OBSERVE HIM TO BE IN A STATE OF EXTREME *AGGREGATION.*

WE PROCEED WITHOUT *INCITEMENT* TO THE *PENNSYLVANIA STATION* STOP...

...WHEREAT *THREE YOUTHS* BOARD, BRANDISHING NINE-MILLIMETER *HANDGUNS* OF THE *STREET* VARIETY, LOUDLY *DECLAIMING* THEIR INTENTION OF DEPRAVING THE *PASSENGERS* OF THEIR PERSONAL *EFFECTS.*

HEREAT ONE *ELDERLY* MAN ATTEMPTS A FRANTIC *DISEMBARKATION.*

ONE OF THE YOUTHS ADMINISTRATES TO HIM A *REPRIMAND* THAT IS OF A *PHYSICAL* NATURE.

AND MURDOCK DOES *NOTHING?*

NOTHING, BOSS. AT THIS *MOMENT* I NOW *DESCRIBE*, THAT IS.

AT THIS JUNCTION THE *YOUTHS* DO THEN *ACCOST* EACH PASSENGER IN *TURN*, ADMONISHING THEM INTO EMPTYING THEIR *PURSES* AND *WALLETS* INTO A D'AGOSTINO'S GROCERY STORE *SHOPPING BAG*..

...IS INTERRUPTED BY THE SUDDEN *RE-ARRANGEMENT* OF HIS *SPINE.*

IT IS THE *LAST* OF THEM WHO SUCCEEDS IN FIRING HIS *PISTOL*...

...BUT MURDOCK IS, AS I SAID...

...A MAN *REPOSSESSED.*

HENCEWITH, THE TRAIN COMES TO A *STOP* AT *FORTY-SECOND STREET.* THE DOORS *OPEN.*

MURDOCK *WHIRLS* AT A SHOUTED *COMMAND*...

LOVELY. LOVELY...

FOGGY? IT'S *MATT*-- NO, PLEASE DON'T HANG UP... I... I NEED YOUR *HELP*...

I THINK I'M *SICK*, FOGGY. SOMETHING... THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY *MIND* ... I JUST...

...I JUST BEAT UP A *COP*...

...YOU SEE, IT'S THE *KINGPIN*. I KEEP THINKING EVERYBODY'S *WORKING* FOR HIM AND...

...OH, YEAH. I KNOW *THAT*. PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY *IS* WORKING FOR HIM, BUT THIS WAS JUST A *COP* AND THERE WAS NO *REASON* TO...

...WHAT?... OH ...YOU *SURE*?...

...OKAY, WELL MAYBE THE *COP*. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING *WRONG* WITH ME, FOGGY. I...

...BUT IF I *GO* THERE I'LL TRY TO *KILL* THE KINGPIN. I...

...BUT... BUT I... OKAY, BUDDY. I'LL GIVE IT MY BEST SHOT.

...AT THE TONE THE TIME WILL BE TEN THIRTY-TWO...

--SO *HOT*--IT'S *ALWAYS* SO *HOT* HERE--NO *WONDER* THEY TAKE *SIESTAS*--

--MAKES IT SO HARD TO KEEP *RUNNING* AND NOW SHE CAN BARELY CATCH HER *BREATH*-- CAN BARELY *TALK* TO TELL THE AMERICAN OPERATOR THE *NUMBER* SHE WANTS--

--THE NUMBER SHE *NEEDS*--

--SHE *REMEMBERS* THE NUMBER, SHE'D NEVER *FORGET* IT--AND NOW THE LINE GOES *DEAD* AS THE OPERATOR *CALLS* IT--

--AND SHE REMEMBERS THE *MAN*--*MATT*--THE MAN SHE *LOVED* ONCE-- THE MAN SHE *BETRAYED*--

--THE MAN WHO CAN SAVE HER *LIFE*--

--BUT NOW THE OPERATOR IS SAYING THE NUMBER HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED-- BUT SHE KNOWS SHE GOT IT RIGHT AND MATT WOULD NEVER MOVE HE LOVES THAT HOUSE--

--AND SHE MAKES THE OPERATOR CHECK FOR HER AND THERE'S NO LISTING--

--THEN SHE SEES THEM AND KAREN PAGE KNOWS SHE HAS TO RUN AGAIN--

YES, HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE! THAT'S WHY I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN GOING ON HERE, JONAH!

DAILY BUGLE

LOOKED PRETTY CUT AND DRIED TO ME, URICH.

YOUR PAL MURDOCK GOT CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN.

MATT'S STRAIGHT, JONAH. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW STRAIGHT. THIS IS A FRAME -- BY THE KINGPIN.

J JONAH JAMESON
PUBLISHER

THE KINGPIN? WHAT THE DEVIL'S A BLIND LAWYER GOT TO DO WITH THE KINGPIN?

...I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT, JONAH. BUT I *WANT* THIS STORY. AND I'LL *WRITE* IT--FOR ONE PAPER OR *ANOTHER*.

ISN'T *LIKE* YOU TO TAKE A *STAND*, BEN...

COME RIGHT *IN*, MR. MURDOCK.

MR. FISK IS *EXPECTING* YOU.

SURE AND THIS IS *WORSE* THAN WHEN HE *DOES* CALL.

PERHAPS YE COULD TRY THAT *HOTLINE* AGAIN, FOGGY?

NO *POINT*, GLORI. THAT LITTLE CREEP WILL JUST TRY TO ANALYZE *ME* AGAIN.

WHEN A *BOMB* WENT OFF, BACK IN *IRELAND*...IT WAS LIKE THIS... WAITIN...NOT *KNOWIN*...

CAN'T *BRING* MYSELF TO CALL THE *COPS*...

IT WOULD BE A JOY TO END IT THERE. SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN BRINGS TO THE KINGPIN A BLOODLUST HE HAS NOT FELT SINCE HIS YOUTH. IT TAKES AN EFFORT OF WILL TO RESTRAIN HIMSELF FROM TEARING MURDOCK LIMB FROM LIMB.

BUT THE KINGPIN IS A CAREFUL MAN. THERE ARE DETAILS TO CONSIDER.

MURDOCK'S DEATH MUST BE NEITHER MYSTERIOUS NOR SUSPICIOUS. THERE MUST BE NO ROOM FOR QUESTIONS. NO CAUSE FOR INVESTIGATION.

UNCONSCIOUS BUT LIVING, MURDOCK IS PLACED IN A STOLEN CHECKER CAB...

...THE CAB IS DRIVEN OFF PIER 41 INTO THE EAST RIVER. ITS SAFETY BELT AND DOORS ARE CORRODED SHUT BY A CHEMICAL PROCESS THAT IS IDENTICAL TO RUST. MURDOCK IS DRENCHED IN WHISKEY. A BOTTLE, OPEN, IS LAID IN HIS LAP.

THE OWNER OF THE CAB IS BEATEN TO DEATH BY MURDOCK'S STOLEN BILLY CLUB.

DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS. STILL MURDOCK IS NEVER FAR FROM THE CRIMELORD'S THOUGHTS. HE IMAGINES ONE LAST, TERRIBLE MOMENT OF REALIZATION...OF MURDOCK THRASHING WILDLY, DESPERATELY, HATEFULLY... SCREAMING SOUNDLESSLY INTO THE POISONED WATER...

...THE KINGPIN SHUDDERS AT THE THOUGHT, IN PLEASURE...

THE WORLD SEEMS FLOODED WITH **SUNLIGHT.** DAILY **BUSINESS** BECOMES A JOYOUS, CHILDLIKE **GAME.**

HE HAS DISGRACED, DESTROYED AND **MURDERED** THE ONLY **GOOD** MAN HE HAS EVER **KNOWN.**

THIS IS HIS **TRIUMPH** OF THE SPIRIT.

AT LAST THE **CASE** IS DISCOVERED.

THERE IS **BLOOD,** AND BLOODY **EVIDENCE** OF A **STRUGGLE.**

THERE IS A SHATTERED **WINDSHIELD**...A **SAFETY BELT,** SEVERED BY THE WINDSHIELD'S **GLASS** AND WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN A **HIDEOUS** EFFORT OF WILL.

THERE IS NO **CORPSE.**

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

NEXT: PARIAH!